Deadly

LaGrippe Caused Heart Trouble, Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia.

My Friends Know Heart Cure Cured Me.

Mrs. C. O. Hurd, 118 W. Third St., Muscatine, Ia., is well known throughout her section of Iowa as an ardent worker in the M. E. Church. She says: "LaGrippe left me with a severe case of nervous depression and nervous dyspepsia, which soon affected my heart. I suffered from sleeplessness, head ache, extreme nervousness and twitching of the muscles. The slightest exertion would cause shortness of breath, a numbness of my body and hot flashes with pain. I will tell you what I am constantly telling my friends —that Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me so that all these disagreeable symptoms left me. I may add that for severe pain I have never found anything to equal Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and think the Nerve and Liver Pills are a wonderful stomach remedy."

"Our son was stricken down with heart trouble in his twentieth year. For two months we got no sleep with him at night, so we commenced to use Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine with the Nerve and Liver Pills and today he is sound and well. In fact he passed a physical examination since his sickness and is with the Army in the Philippines. I desire to add that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have certainly been a boon to me. I am frequently troubled with sick and nervous headaches and I have never found anything that would relieve me so quickly and leave me feeling so well thereafter."—Mrs. Alice Moad, Buffalo, Mo.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sunday Ice Cream.

We are in a position to make and deliver all kinds of Fancy Ice Cream for Sunday trade, such as Bulk Ice Cream, any flavor, Nut Cream, Tutti Frutti, Nesselrode Pudding, etc. Brick Ice Cream, Plain, any flavor, Neapolitan, Asst. flavors, Tutti Frutti, etc. Frappe, and Ices, any flavors. Frozen Punches.

Orders accepted up to 10:30 a. m. Sundays and delivered till 12:00. Cream will be iced in such shape as will keep for several hours. Give us a trial. Phones 6 and 53.

27] WILLMAR JOBBING & MFG. CO.

(First Publication July 8.)

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, ss.

In Probate Court, special term, July 6, 1903

In the matter of the estate of Peter Norin, deceased:

Whereas, An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Peter Norin deceased, late of said County, has been delivered to this Court;

And Whereas, Peter Skoglund has filed therewith his petition, representing among other things, that said Peter Norin died in said County on the 28th day of June 1903, testate, and that said petitioner is the sole executor named in said last Will and Testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to him issued thereon;

It is Ordered, That the proofs of said instrument, and the said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in said County, on the 3rd day of August A. D. 1903, at one o'clock in the afternoon, when all persons interested may appear for, or contest, the probate of said instrument;

And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Willmar Tribune, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Willmar in said County.

Dated at Willmar the 6th day of July A. D. 1903.

By the Court:
A. F. NORDIN,
Judge of Probate.

[SEAL]

GEO. MULLER,
Atty. for Executor,
Willmar, Minn.

A Talk about Paints.

TAKE A WISE VIEW and consult about paints before you use them. Ask about colors, body and economy in using them. The one who knows will tell you that Minnesota Linseed Oil Co.'s paints have been tried for years and not found wanting. We have handled them for 20 years and that alone is a good recommendation. **We handle everything in the paint line so we can supply all your needs.**

Attractive Designs in Wall Paper...

We have the largest stock of wall paper in the city, and the latest and most attractive designs are there. If you contemplate doing any papering see us before you buy. It will pay you.

Our line of Drugs, Notions, Books and Stationery is complete and deserves your consideration when you need anything in that line.

CARLSON BROS. & FROST

Entrances Pacific and Benson Avenues, WILLMAR

Echo Cigars Are Repeaters

5 cents.

My Mammoth

MISSOURI JACK

will stand in connection with my Percheron and Hambletonian stallions at my barn in Willmar.

NESBIT,

the Pacing Stallion, will be at home this season.

J. P. MADISON.

TWO KISSES

[Original.]

There had been a quarrel, indeed a succession of quarrels, which had ended in the husband going away from his home preparatory to a separation from his wife. The terms had been arranged by correspondence. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The father was to have the boy, the mother the girl. The father had returned by appointment, and the business part of the affair had been transacted. They now approached the matter of breaking the news to the children.

"Call them in," said the father, turning his back to conceal his emotion.

"You go," said the mother, with a tremolo in her voice. "I must get through this ordeal with as little strain as possible or I shall break down, and to break down before the children would not only pain them, but be excruciating for us."

"Very well; I will go and fetch them."

He went out and in a few minutes returned with the little girl in his arms, the boy dancing along, holding to his father's hand. Both were laughing and shouting, for they had been surprised in a romp. When the man came into the room where he had left his wife she was standing with her back toward him.

"Maud," he said, "here are our children. I will explain to them as well as I can what is to be; then you can say goodby to Arthur."

The woman still stood with her back to him and the children. She was striving to master her emotion. Suddenly, with an effort, she turned and said composedly:

"Proceed."

"Arthur," said the man softly, "you are to go away with me and live with me, leaving mamma and Amy. You will have to get used to living without them, for other people will take care of you, and you will have other playmates."

"Who's to put me to bed?" asked the child in wonder.

"Well, my boy, some good woman will do that, and I will begin by putting you to bed myself."

"I don't want any good woman to put me to bed. I want mamma. You don't know how to undress me, papa."

The father knit his brows and, without making any reply, spoke to the girl:

"You, Amy, dear, will stay with mamma."

"And not have Arty?"

"No, my child. Arty is going with me."

The girl looked into the serious face of her father, then at her sobbing mother, and an inkling of the truth crept into her young mind. Going to her brother, she put her arms about him and said:

"Arty shan't go away."

The two children clung to each other, frightened by the serious looks of their parents into a vague understanding that some calamity overhung them. The mother sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. The father leaned upon a mantel, the image of despair. The children, their young faces clouded with their first serious trouble, glanced from father to mother, wondering what all this meant. There was no sound except the mother's sobs.

Before husband and wife came the same picture. Was it thought transference or because at this moment of their parting their minds naturally fell upon the moment of most perfect bliss that either had ever known? They were ten years younger. It was springtime, not early spring, but the "leafy month of June." There were music and dancing within, and out on the piazza where they had strolled into the moonlight came through open windows and doors the sound of violin, harp and flute. Her hand rested lightly on his arm, and he led her to a nook under an overhanging vine. It was there that they made up their first quarrel, there that he told his story and there, secluded from the moonlight, in the sound of a babel of merry voices, laughter and music, he took his first kiss. This ecstatic moment now stood out in contrast with the grim specter that confronted them, and for the moment each, shutting out the present, was lost in a supremely happy past.

The mother felt a tiny arm about her. Then came another a little larger and stronger. She knew that her children were clinging to her. She looked down at them, then up into the face of their father, whom they had drawn toward her.

"Mamma," said the girl, "don't let papa and Arty go away."

"Papa," said the boy, "don't let us go away. Mamma, tell papa we mustn't go away."

Tugging at their father, they pulled him down till he sank on one knee that he might encircle them.

"Maud," e said, "these two little voices calling on us to bear and forbear for their sakes are all powerful. For my part, the angry clouds that have enveloped us are dispelled by our children, who are suffering from our own imperfection. Let us wipe away the bickerings that have brought us and them to the verge of parting and for the sake of all that makes life worth living, parental and filial love; for the sake of these two innocent ones, for our own sakes, let us forgive and forget. I have been thinking of the kiss I took that night. You remember"—

"Strange, I was thinking of it too."

"Let us take it again. We may not have with it that youthful thrill we had then, but let us remember that we were then but two, while now we are four."

In another moment father, mother and children were folded in one embrace.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Elks Annual Meeting Baltimore, Md., July 21-23, 1903.

One fare plus $2.00 for the round trip via Chicago Great Western Railway. Tickets on sale July 17 and 18, good to return July 25 (or July 31, by payment of $1.00 extra.) For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 43-2b

Abstracts of title to Kandiyohi county lands and city property promptly furnished by J. T. Otos, the bonded abstracter. 15tf

How About It?

How about a tonic just now to help you recover your strength after that bad cold and brace you up for the hard weather?

Our line includes all the best medicines—good, pure —and we sell only fresh stock. There is nothing lacking in our qualifications as makers and dispensers of medicines.

A. E. Mossberg

Pacific Ave., Willmar.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE

ARMY TRANSPORTS AT PITTSBURG LANDING.
Find Gen. Buell.

Pittsburg Landing, on the Mississippi, played an important part in the battle of Shiloh. For a few days previous to the battle Gen. Grant divided his time between that point and Savannah, and from the former place directed the greater part of the movements of his army. There were stationed the gunboats "Tyler" and "Lexington," both of which took part in the battle. On the evening of the first day's battle the enemy made a determined effort to capture this point, but were prevented by the arrival of reenforcements for the federal line. It was also at this place that the reenforcements under Gen. Buell were disembarked on Sunday night, the arrival of which probably turned the tide of battle the second day.

HARRY DANIEL'S MINOR OBSERVATIONS

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THE ANTI-DIVORCE CRUSADE.

The great anti-divorce crusade which is now in full battle array in this country is destined, it is believed, to put a stop to the habit of the American people flocking into court with their family woes in such great numbers that they clog the wheels of justice and wear out everybody from the courthouse janitor to the most brainy and intellectual juryman that ever slept at his post. The American divorce habit has grown alarmingly in recent years. A couple is married to-day, to-morrow the husband combs his wife's hair with a skillet while she pats him gently on the head with some choice article of bric-a-brac until he can see about 12 acres of the firmament and a slice of the northern lights, and the next day they are divorced amid the muffled sobs and splattered tears of their respective attorneys.

And grab a hot pan by the handle and let go of it in a very extemporaneous and impromptu manner.

The great and primary cause of divorce is matrimony. If the requirements before matrimony were tightened up three or four notches here and there it would greatly reduce the divorce output. Just as long as it is possible for any 2x4 young man with soft, white hands and a breaking out of pin-feathers on his upper lip and with just enough fabulous and untold wealth to purchase a marriage license and an extra pair of suspenders, to get married at his own sweet will and move right in on his father-in-law without being arrested or kicked out at the side door, the divorce is going to spread.

Just as long as the tottering widower with a string of grandchildren and the inflammatory rheumatism can take a bride on his arm who was born about the time he first began to kalsomine his whiskers, and creep up the aisle with her without police interference, there are going to be more or less divorces occur from time to time.

The divorce problem is simply a side door exit from the matrimonial problem. One leads to the other. When you see a home that has had to suspend publication because every day there was a grand sparring match with chairs, the real problem is not so much what should be done in that case as what should be done in the case of the next pair of candidates who yearn for matrimony and who seem, to the cold, calculating eye of a disinterested party, to be just as triumphantly matched as the others were. The great trouble is that the divorce is the last number on the programme when it ought to be first in many cases. If it were necessary for those who yearn for matrimony to go into court and give as many valid reasons why they should be allowed to marry as it is now necessary to give in order to get the knot united, there would be fewer American housewives to-day jerking their husbands around by one ear and fewer American husbands grabbing their wives by the foretop and romping from room to room with them. Marry in haste and relent with pleasure.

But there is, after all, nothing sadder than divorce. A couple who once were happy and believed in each other and played duets together on the piano while the gloaming was getting in its fine work and inhaled soup from the same spoon and called each other all the names they could lay their tongues to from sugar-plum to angel, stand amid the wreck of a ruined home like a runaway team that couldn't work double and has torn up the harness and kicked off the dashboard.

For a time they were perfectly happy, but it did not last long. One day, ere they were scarcely aware of it, they had quarreled and he had picked up one of her own hardshell tea biscuits and knock her down the cellar with it. Ah, what a blow that was! What a cruel, bitter blow to her pride, her love, her hopes, her home, her all, in fact, excepting her biscuit! With what an aching heart she picked up a boiled egg and threw it at her husband and hit a window in the opposite direction!

Yet, their home is a wreck to-day, but once they were so happy. Ah, how she used to toil for him and he for her, and then, when there was company, how each would accuse the other of working the harder until the guests got tired of listening to it and went out doors to help themselves to a little fresh air till the couple could get back to their right minds again.

How she used to slave in a sultry kitchen just for his sweet sake and grab a hot pan by the handle before she thought and then let go of it again in a very extemporaneous and impromptu manner. And how well she remembers her first baking; with what an exhilarating sense of joy and expectancy she worked away at it, and how she hummed a merry little tune to herself as she jerked the dough around and got it in her front hair, and on the kitchen furniture and the doorknob and the cat, and then, at last, with what a delirium of anticipation she opened up the oven door for the purpose of removing her own first ripe batch of bread only to find that it was in an alarming and dangerous condition and seemed to have been overcome by the heat or an attack of hopeless melancholy and did not look like it would be able to be out from under the doctor's care for some time.

Ah, yes, those were happy days. And then there came that first cruel quarrel when she hurriedly ran down cellar on the back of her neck, and then the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth, and each time the furniture got in a more shattered condition until after awhile there was hardly a chair in the house that seemed to have good health and was able to be out much. And yet there were lucid intervals when they would make up and forgive and go around and put poultices on the furniture and be happy.

But soon another storm would blow up from the west. And thus it went from bad to worse, from witchhazel to tincture of arnica, until at last it all ended in the divorce court, where each of them measured out earful after earful of domestic woe and presented it to all who cared to partake. And so it goes. There is nothing any more deplorable than a divorce, and the anti-divorce crusade is right. And, yet instead of turning deaf ears to those who are yelling for somebody to come and help them let go of each other, why not strike a few sharp blows in favor of painless matrimony?

Harry Daniel